Prince. Fayth, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but he would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleeede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeares before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

Prin. O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, & yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

Prince. I doe.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtalffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

Fal. My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares *(Hal)* I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. Ther's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn Braby* from your Father: you muſt goo to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North*, *Percy*; and hee of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the croſſe of a Welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower*.

Falſ. *Owen, Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglas*, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular,

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll killes a Sparrow flying.

Fal.